

MAY

No. 5



MAGOG



LIGHTNING

FOUR



UNKNOWN  
SOLDIER



CAPT.  
COURAGEOUS



# FAVORITES<sup>K</sup>

ALL NEW COMICS

10¢

**F**EATURING  
MAGNO & DAVEY  
LIGHTNING-  
UNKNOWN SOLDIER  
CAPT. COURAGEOUS  
*and others—*



AT THE GREAT CHELSEA HOSPITAL, DOCTOR MAYNARD, WITH HIS LOVELY PUPILS STANDING BY HIM, COMPLETES HIS WORK ON BACTERIOPHAGE... UNIVERSAL CURE FOR EPIDEMICS?



"AIME DARLING... IF THIS WORKS ON THIS SICK MONKEY, THE BACTERIO-PHAGE WILL CURE ANYTHING!"

WELL, HERE GOES, DEAR!

WELL... DON'T WORRY... I KNOW IT WILL WORK!



IT WORKS! IT WORKS!

IT WORKS! IT WORKS!



DARLING I'M SO HAPPY...

AM... HE SAYS YOU'LL HAVE TIME TO MARRY ME NOW!



"CATSOTS" THE HOSPITAL AMBULANCE DRIVES SUBJECTS IN ON THE HAPPY COUPLE



"DOC, DOC, SOME FUNNY KIND OF A PLAGUE HAS HIT THE TOWN... WE NEED YOU ON THE AMBULANCE!"

HERE'S MY BIG CHANCE TO GIVE MY BACTERIOPHAGE TO HUMANITY!



YOU HAVEN'T GOT VERY MUCH SERUM PREPARED, KEN?

BOYS! I HOPE WE RUN INTO SOME KIND OF A FIGHT, DOC! I'M FIGHTING FOR THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP AND I GOT A NEW CONSCIENCE PUNCH I WANTA TRY OUT!



LOOK! SOMETHING TROUBLE HAS HAPPENED HERE!

THE PURPLE PLAGUE CAUGHT FROM THE CATS SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE... THEN THE TEST DR MAYNARD'S SERUM SHOOTS INTO A STRICKEN MAN...



DOC, DOC... THAT STUFF Y'GIVE ME, MAKES ME FEEL GOOD!

OH DARLING! IT WORKS! YOU CAN STOP THE PLAGUE WITH YOUR BACTERIOPHAGE!

YES... IT WORKS... BUT WE MUST HAVE MORE AMBULANCES TO GET THESE VICTIMS TO THE HOSPITALS WHERE I CAN GET SOME MORE SERUM!





**Meanwhile...**... WITHIN THE SECRET HIDE-OUT OF THE NAZI-JAP SPYES...

WE HAVE INFORMATION THAT TOMORROW AT SUNRISE THE UNITED STATES WILL TEST THEIR TWELVE-MOTOR SUPER-BOMBER...AND IT IS YOUR JOB TO SEE THAT IT COMES DOWN....  
...DOWN IN PIECES!



YEE... AN AMERICAN BULL-DOG...AND IT IS THE CUSTOM OF THE FLYERS TO TAKE THE ANIMAL WITH THEM ON TEST-FLIGHTS!



LOOK! SOME DOCTOR AT THE CHELSEA HOSPITAL HAS FOUND A CURE FOR THE PURPLE PLAGUE!



NO MAN CAN BEAT THE PURPLE PLAGUE! I'LL GET THE SECRET FORMULA FROM THIS DOCTOR... AND THEN... DEATH FOR HIM!



Now... NOW TO WRECK HIS LABORATORY!



THERE IS STILL SOME SMOKE OUTSIDE, BUT I MUST PREPARE NOW!



HE HAS... HAS HE?





YOU'LL NEVER GET THE SECRET FORMULA FOR MY SERUM FROM ME... AND IT WILL DO NO GOOD TO KILL ME AS I'VE PUT THE ROXALLA PAPERS IN WITH MY WILL!

HA/HA! I WON'T NEED TO KILL YOU... I'LL MAKE YOU TALK!

JUNE AND DOCTOR MAYNARD ARE TAKEN TO THE "PRESSURER" ROOM OF THE NAZIS!

HOW WILL YOU TALK?

NEVER! MY DISCOVERY IS FOR HUMANITY!



MAYBE THAT WILL BRING YOU TO YOUR SENSES?

YOU BRATS! KEN, DARLING... I'M WITH YOU!

NOW IF YOU DON'T LIKE TO SEE YOUR DOCTOR SWEETHEART SUFFER... JUST TELL HIM TO TALK!

DON'T YOU DO IT JUNE, I'M OK!

YOU ARE STUBBORN! I'LL LEAVE YOU AWHILE... I HAVE WORK TO DO... A LITTLE MATTER OF RESEARCHING THE NEW UNITED STATES COMEB!

WELL HE HELP YOU AND TAKE CARE OF DEER WHEN YOU VE COME BACK!

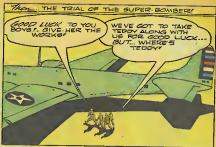


THIS WILL BE EASY! FIRST WE OVERCOME THE SENTRY AND THEN PROCEED, I GIVE THAT BOB MY PURPLE PLAGUE!

NOW TO SUBJECT THAT DOGF











WHILE MAGNO IS SAVING THE SUPERBOY,  
THE ENGAGED NAZIS GAVE UP ON DAVEY?

NOW YA LITTLE SCURVY...  
LET'S SEE HOW BRAVE  
YOU ARE WITHOUT YOUR  
BUDDY!



MEET TWO FRIENDS  
OF YOURS!



THE BRAT...  
HE'S ALONE!

HIGH  
ENOUGH?



HAF  
GOT  
YOU?

WHO... NO...  
CAN'T FIGHT...  
GETTIN' A BUZZY...



But... SUPPLIES ARE FLASHING OUT!



NOW, I PRESCRIBE  
A CHANGE OF AIR!



THE BRAT'S TOO POWERFUL...  
BUT A SPEEDING TRAIN  
WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT...

HA... HA... HA... HA





CAREFULLY DAVEY LOWERS THE  
TRAIN AND... THEM...

DAVEY SEARCHES  
CARELESSLY, BUT...

LOOK!... THE LITTLE  
WHEEL GOT AWAY!  
CUT HIM DOWN!

WHAT HAPPENED  
DAD?

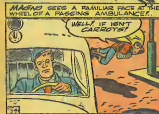
NO TIME TO  
TELL YOU... I'VE  
GOT SOME ONE  
CHASING TO DO!

I'VE LOST  
HIM!

HMM... SOMEONE'S  
LOOKING FOR TROUBLE  
DAD...

YOU CAN'T RUN DOWN  
MAGNETISM, BOYER,  
AND WE MEET AGAIN  
PURPLE PLAGUE!

DAVEY IN HOT PURSUIT... THE  
TERROR-STROKEN BROTHERS  
FLEE...





A MAGNETIC SLUG... AND THE POKER  
LEADS TO MADMO?



...AND HERE'S  
WHAT YOU NEED!

NALPY  
OW-WOW...



THE PLAGUE FALLS INTO HIS OWN  
TRAP...



...TO BE CONSUMED BY HIS OWN DISEASE!



I'VE NEVER COINED  
THE FORMULA...  
BUT NOW THE  
BACTERIOPHAGE  
IS SAVED!

YOU ARE A  
BRAVE MAN  
DOCTOR  
MAYNARD?



HEY, DOCTOR... YOU'D  
BETTER GET BACK TO  
THE HOSPITAL. THEY'RE  
ALL OUT OF YOUR SERUM  
AND CASES ARE STILL  
COMING IN!



JUNE DARLING  
YOU WERE READY  
TO DIE RATHER  
THAN TELL!

WELL BECAUSE I  
LOVE YOU AND  
I KNEW WHAT  
YOUR FORMULA  
MEANT TO THE  
SICK!



I WAS DYING WITH THE PURPLE  
PLAGUE AND THE DOC CURED ME!  
ONE SHOT OF HIS SERUM AND I'M  
O.K.! WHAT A WONDERFUL  
MEDICINE!

DARVEY THERE'S  
ONE ENEMY OF  
AMERICA WE  
LIKED! NOT  
TO SPEAK OF  
THE NAZI SPIES!



MADMO APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE  
OF SUPER-MYSTERY COMICS TOO!



# The UNKNOWN SOLDIER



FROM HIS FIERCE CONTACT FIFTH COLUMN CHINESE THEY KNOW AMERICA CAN'T BE BEAT. FOR THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER IS AS TOUGH AS AMERICA AND AS UNBEATABLE. NOW HE PUTS HIS STRENGTH IN A BATTLE AGAINST "THE TERROR OF THE DEEP."

ON A SMALL REMOVED ISLAND OFF THE CALIFORNIA COAST SECRET RESEARCH GOES FORWARD FOR AMERICA!



BEHIND THE LAB OF PROFESSOR GRANT WIZARD OF SCIENCE AND HEAD OF THE HIDDEN STATION



IT'S A SHAME TO LEAVE THE ISLAND JUST WHEN MY PLANS FOR THE SUPER-SUB ARE ALMOST COMPLETED!

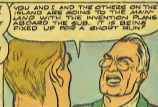
YES, BUT THE JAPS ARE ON THEIR WAY!

GEEZY, PROFESSOR GRANT BUT I CAUGHT THIS GIRL LANDING A SPEEDBOAT ON THE BEACH!

I HAD TO COME TO SEE YOU DAD!

1945! WHAT....









**...Meanwhile... THOUGH OBVIOUSLY OUR  
NUMBERED AMERICAN PLANES RISE TO  
BATTLE THE ENEMY!**



**JUST IN CASE  
THE JAPANESE  
ATTACK ON THE  
ISLAND FAILS...  
TELL US WHERE  
THEY PLAN TO  
MOVE YOUR  
FATHER'S  
RESEARCH  
STATION!**





YOUR TORTURES HAVE FORCED ME TO REVEAL THE ISLAND'S LOCATION... BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET ANY MORE INFORMATION FROM ME!



WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

CAN'T HOLD OUT... GETTING WEAKER... IF ONLY THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER WERE HERE!



LOOKS PEACEFUL ENOUGH, BUT THAT'S WHERE THE CALL CAME FROM!



HUH!

STRIKING WHILE THE IRON'S HOT, ENH?



THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!

...HOLDING THE ALMOST MOLTEN METAL IN HIS HAND... UNKNOWN SOLDIER SWIFTLY MOLDS IT!



ONLY WOMAN-FIGHTER... START TALKING!

...HELP... HELP!



I'M TRYIN' TO BUT NOT LEAD DON'T BOTHER HIM!



WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, MISS?

I'M NOT SURE, AND THESE TWO SPIES TORTURED ME INTO TELLING THE LOCATION OF MY FATHER'S SECRET GOVERNMENT RESEARCH STATION.



THEN THEY SENT ONE OF THEIR WOMEN AGENTS MADE UP TO LOOK JUST LIKE ME OUT TO THE ISLAND TO STEAL THE INVENTION PLANS.



...I SEE...THE JAPS ARE GOING TO TRY TO DESTROY THE LABS AND EQUIPMENT, KILL YOUR FATHER AND TAKE HIS INVENTIONS!

YES, AND WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! IT MAY BE TOO LATE ALREADY!



...AS THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER AND IRIE MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE STREET, A RADIO BLASTS FROM ANOTHER ADJUTMENT!



WE INTERRUPT TO BRING YOU THE LATEST WAR BULLETIN... THE LITTLE ISLAND OF THE PACIFIC HAS JUST BEEN ATTACKED BY AIR, SEA AND BRACHUTE FORCES. ...THE REASON IS NOT YET KNOWN!

DID YOU HEAR THAT? DAD WILL BE KILLED! I'VE GOT TO GET TO HIM!

THAT'S NO PLACE FOR YOU, MISS! BUT I'LL GET RIGHT OUT THERE AND SEE WHAT I CAN DO!



YOU GET THE POLICE UP TO TAKE CARE OF THOSE SPIES!



...AND AS THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER  
JOINS WESTWARD, AMERICAN FORCES  
SAVAGELY FIGHT OFF THE JAP ATTACK!



...THE JAPS CANNOT STAND  
THE SAVAGE BRAVERY OF  
THE AMERICAN MARINES!



...*BOOM!*... THE NEXT MORNING...

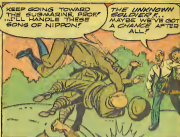




PLEASE TO NOT MAKE SO MUCH HURRY!

THEY ARE HERE, JUST AS AMERICAN GIRL SAID, LIEUTENANT!

WE'RE TRAPPED!



KEEP GOING TOWARD THE SUBMARINE, POOR! I'LL HANDLE THESE SONS OF NIPPON!

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER? ... MAYBE WE'VE GOT A CHANCE AFTER ALL!



YOU FOLLOWING ORIGINATED JU-JITTELL BUT I'M GIVING YOU A ROBBE BRADUATE COURSE!



AND HERE'S THE OLD HOME BROWN AMERICAN VARIETY OF FIGHTING!



BETTER USE THE AUTO-GUN ON THIS GANG WHILE I GET MY BREATH!



THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER SWIFTLY BLASTS THE GROUP OF YELLOW MEN TO ETERNITY WITH ONE NITCO BLAST!



THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER? ... I'D BETTER GET OFF THIS ISLAND BEFORE HE GROTS ME! ... I'VE HEARD WHAT HE DOES TO SPIES!





YOU THINK WAR  
IS FUN, DO YOU?



COME DOWN,  
YOU FLYING  
JAPANESE  
BUTTERFLY!

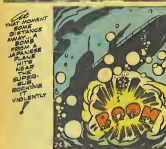


OUR AIRMEN  
CAN TAKE OVER  
FROM THERE!

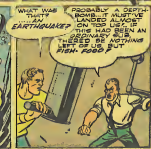


CAN YOU BOYS TELL ME  
WHAT HAPPENED TO  
PROFESSOR GRANT AND  
HIS GROUP?

THEY LEFT IN  
THE SUBMARINE  
ALREADY SUB-  
MERGED. I  
GUESS THEY'RE  
SAFE ENOUGH!



AT  
THAT MOMENT  
SOME  
DISTANCE  
AWAY, A  
BOMB  
FROM A  
JAPANESE  
PLANE  
HITS  
HEAD  
THE  
SUB-  
SUB  
BOOMING  
IT  
VIOLENTLY



WHAT WAS  
THAT?  
...AN  
EARTHQUAKE?

PROBABLY A DEPTH  
BOMB... IT MUST'VE  
LANDED ALMOST  
ON TOP OF US. IF  
THIS HAD BEEN AN  
ORDINARY BOMB,  
THERE'D BE NOTHING  
LEFT OF US, BUT  
FISH FOOD!

SOMETHING'S WRONG...  
THE CONTROLS ARE STUCK...  
SOME OF THE MECHANISM  
WAS ONLY FIXED TEMPORARILY  
FOR A SHORT RUN...AND  
THAT BLAST KNOCKED IT  
OFF! WE'RE STUCK,  
NOW!



...JUST THEN... A JAPANESE SUBMARINE  
APPROACHES!



CUT THE MOTORS.  
SOMETHING HAS  
HAPPENED TO  
AMERICAN UNDERSEA  
CRAFT!

EQUIP SEVERAL MEN WITH  
DIVING SUITS AND SEND THEM  
OUT TO INVESTIGATE DAMAGE  
ON ENEMY SUB... THIS IS  
OUR CHANCE TO CAPTURE  
IT!



YES,  
CAPTAIN!

...IN A SHORT WHILE  
JAPANESE DIVERS EXIT  
FROM THE EMERGENCY  
COMPARTMENT OF THEIR  
OWN SUB, AND...



THIS DOES MUST  
LEAD TO COMPRESSION  
COMPARTMENT... WE'LL  
ENTER ONE AT A  
TIME, START PUMPS  
TO LET OUT WATER,  
THEN ENTER THE  
INTERIOR OF THE  
VESSEL!



TO BETTER CHECK ON  
THE PROGRESSOR'S SUB  
AND MAKE SURE EVERY-  
THING IS ALL RIGHT!



OH! DIRTY  
WORK IN DAVEY  
JONES' LOCKER!

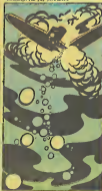




...A FEW MOMENTS LATER AS UNKNOWN SOLDIER IS ENGAGED IN A FIERCE UNDERWATER BATTLE, A GIANT TORPEDO SPEEDS TOWARD HIM!



THE TERRIFIC FORCE OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S BLOCK TURNS THE TORPEDO COMPLETELY AROUND... AND...



THIS IS ONE WAY TO MAKE A TORPEDO INTO A BOOMERANG!



TERRIF! JUST IN TIME! I COULDN'T STAY DOWN ANOTHER SECOND!



I'LL START MY WHIRL-  
WIND GOING RIGHT HERE  
ABOVE THE SUBMERGED  
SUB!

THE GIANTIC WHIRL-  
WIND CREATED BY THE  
UNKNOWN SOLDIER  
SUCKS A VACUUM IN  
THE SEA AROUND THE  
SUB...

SOME KIND OF MIRACLE  
HAS HAPPENED... ALL  
THE WATER HAS BUCKED  
AWAY FROM AROUND  
THE SUB... NOW I CAN  
GO OUT AND REPAIR  
THE BROKEN PIN THAT  
CAUSED THE BREAK-  
DOWN!



WAITING UNTIL HE SEES  
THE REPAIR WORK ON THE  
SUB FINISHED THE UNKNOWN  
SOLDIER THEN RELEASES  
THE WHIRLWIND, AND...

...LOOKS LIKE THE JAP ATTACK  
DECK ON THIS ISLAND HAS  
BEEN COMPLETELY SMASHED!  
THERE GOES THE WHITE FLAG  
UP ON THAT JAP SHIP! NOW I  
CAN GET BACK TO THE  
MAINLAND!



BACK AT IZU'S GRANT'S APARTMENT, AN-  
OTHER DRAMA IS TAKING PLACE...



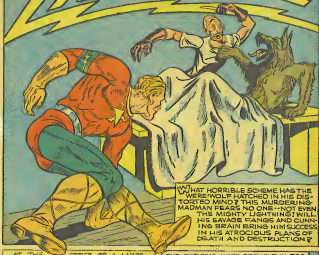
SOME OF THOSE  
SPIES ARE BOUND TO  
RETURN HERE, NOT  
KNOWING THE POLICE  
ARE NOW IN CHARGE,  
AND I'M GOING TO  
NAIL THEM TO MAKE  
UP FOR GIVING INTO  
THEIR TORTURE!





"LASH

# LIGHTNING



WHAT HORRIBLE SCHEME HAS THE WEREWOLF HATCHED IN HIS DISTORTED MIND? THIS MURDERING MADMAN FEARS NO ONE--NOT EVEN THE MIGHTY LIGHTNING! WILL HIS SAVAGE FANGS AND CUNNING BRAIN BRING HIM SUCCESS IN HIS ATROCIOUS PLANS OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION?

...AT THE OFFICE OF A LARGE CHARITY ORGANIZATION...

SO YOU TOOK IN \$100,000 CASH TODAY IN YOUR NEW COMMUNITY CHEST DRIVE? **SWHEWT!**

YEE, **LIGHTNING** REVEALED WEALTHY PEOPLE MADE HUGE DONATIONS... THAT IS WHY I REQUESTED YOU TO COME HERE!

THE RETURNS WERE BROUGHT IN TOO LATE FOR SUCH A GREAT AMOUNT OF MONEY TO REMAIN HERE OVERNIGHT...EVEN IN THE SAFE!

SO YOU WANT ME TO STAY HERE AND GUARD IT... **GRAY...** MR. WEATHERS... IT'S FOR A GOOD CAUSE... I'LL BE GLAD TO!





... AT THIS MOMENT IN A CELL  
BLOCK OF THE STATE PEN,  
SOME MILES AWAY?

WELL, I'LL BE... HEY  
BELL, HASTING?  
COME HERE!



... OTHER GUARDS ARRIVE,  
AND THE CONFESSION IS CUT  
DOWN?

IT'S ADOLEPH KRAMETZ  
ALL RIGHT... THE GUY  
KNOWN AS THE  
WERE-WOLF?

AND HIS CELLMATE  
MIKE  
LEWIS  
HAD FLOWN  
THE GOOD?



IF I DIDN'T SEE THE WERE-  
WOLF STANDING UP THERE  
WITH MY OWN EYES, I NEVER  
WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IT?  
LEWIS KILLED HIM AND  
THEN BURST OUT OF  
THE CELL HIMSELF?



BUT HOW IN HELL  
DID LEWIS MAN-  
AGE TO BEND THOSE  
IRON BARS? HOW  
DID HE PUSH THREE  
STORIES TO THE  
YARD WITHOUT  
BREAKING HIS NECK?  
HOW DID HE GET OUT  
OF THE YARD WITH-  
OUT EVEN AN ALARM  
CLOCK BEING SET  
OFF? OOOH!!



YES GENTLEMEN, WE KNEW IT  
WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR MIKE  
LEWIS TO KILL THE WERE-  
WOLF... BEND THOSE BARS  
AND APPARENTLY FLY OUT  
OF THE PRISON... BUT THE  
FACT REMAINS, HE DID  
IT!!



WHAT  
A KRAMETZ?

WERE-WOLF, VICIOUS SURGE  
KILLER MURDERED IN CELL,  
CELL MATE ESCAPED IN  
MYSTERY BREAK? WHAT  
HEADLINE? LET ME  
AT A PHONE!!



THE NEXT MORNING... LIGHTNING BEATS THE STORY  
IN THE PAPERS... THEN HEADS FOR THE PRISON!

NOW I KNEW THE MURDERER WHO ROBBED THE  
COMMUNITY CHEST FUNDS AND KILLED WEATHERS  
COULDN'T HAVE BEEN WERE-WOLF... BUT YET...



YES SIR.....

IDENTIFICATIONS OF KRAMETZ  
ALIAS WERE-WOLF WAS  
POSITIVE, CLOTHING,  
PERSONAL, BELONG-  
INGS... AND THOSE  
WOLFISH-LIKE  
FEATURES?

THEN, WARDEN  
MIGHT I  
HAVE PER-  
MISSION TO  
STUDY YOUR REC-  
ORDS ON MIKE  
LEWIS, THE WERE-  
WOLF'S CELLMATE?



...LIGHTNING'S REQUEST IS GRANTED AND HE LEAGNS...

SECOND: LEAGNS, MOORE... SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT FOR MURDER CONVICTION WHILE OBTAINING MONEY WHILE BEING KNOWN IN UNDERWORLD SOME "BUTTY FACE". BECAUSE AS "BUTTY FACE" BECAUSE OF HIS FEATURES PLASTIC QUALITY OF HIS FEATURES FACE IN HIM TO TWIST HIS FACE IN AN ALMOST EXACT RESEMBLANCE OF ANY ONE DESIRED

LEAGNS'S RECORD SHOWS 14 ARRESTS, 4 CONVICTIONS

QUITE A CHARACTER, WASN'T HE LIGHTNING?

SURE WAS... THAT GAVE ME AN IDEA... BUT IT'S VERY FANTASTIC. I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT LATER I LEARN MORE?

"Moosehead" IN A DISTANT PART OF THE CITY...

YOU, YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME, DOC. I'LL GIVE YOU \$100,000... I'LL BE YOUR SLAVE FOR LIFE?

I SURED TO DO SOMETHING I DON'T UNDERSTAND FULLY THE MALADY OF YOURS... IT SOUNDS SO FANTASTIC - PERHAPS YOU COULD SHOW ME?

...Suddenly, THE DOCTOR'S MYSTERIOUS VISITOR SPREADS WIDE HIS CLOAK, STRAIGHTENS AND

NO! NO! YOU'RE INHUMAN. YOU'RE BEYOND MEDICAL HELP. HOW GHASTLY!

DON'T SAY THAT!

That Moment... MOOSEHEAD UNDERGOES A STRANGE CHANGE AND BECOMES A DREADED WERE WOLF

YOU'RE RIGHT DOCTOR I'M NOTHING BUT A BEASTLY. AND SINCE YOU CAN DO NOTHING FOR ME, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW BEASTLY I AM!

HELP?

NO ONE CAN SHOW HORROR AT MY APPEARANCE AND LIVE



... AS THE SERIES OF MEDICAL MURDERS HOOD-RIDS THE CITY, LAMONTAGNE CONTINUES TO WORK HARD ON THE CASE.

IT'S THE SAME MURDER IN EACH CASE ALL RIGHT...ALL THE CIRCUMSTANCES ARE THE SAME...VICTIMS CLAWED, SCREAMED, TORN AS THOUGH THEY WERE ATTACKED BY A SAVAGE BEAST!

AND ALL  
VICTIMS  
ARE ASKED  
ABOUT SUFFERING?

...AND ALWAYS THE SAME MYSTERIOUS STRANGER INVOLVED WITH NO ONE ABLE TO GIVE POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION. THE TECHNIQUE IS EXACTLY THE SAME AS THE WEREWOLF'S. THE MURDERER IS COMING HIM TO THE JETTERBY

NOBODY COULD COPY THE  
WEE-WOLF'S ACTIONS SO  
PERFECTLY. THIS ALLEGEDLY  
IS THE WEE-WOLF...I KNOW  
HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD  
BUT SOMEHOW A MISTAKE  
HAS BEEN MADE... THE WEE-  
WOLF IS ALIVE AND  
KILLING AGAIN

WASH DC  
APR 24 1964

WERE WOLF TALKED "PUTTYFACE"  
MAY LEANED INTO TWISTING IN  
FACE TO LOOK LIKE HIM, THE  
WERE WOLF, WHILE LEWIS'S  
FACE WAS TWISTED INTO THAT  
GUESS WERE WOLF INSTANTLY  
STRANGLER AND OTHER THINGS  
AND BECAUSE... IT AIMS TO BE  
THAT WAY?

"HAPPY"  
 YOU'VE  
 BEEN  
 DRINKING

WE? WE'LL ONLY  
THE WEE-HOLE  
COULD HAVE SENT  
THOSE BARS, AND  
TOOK THAT LONG  
AP OUT OF THE  
SON YARD... I'M  
IN TO WORK  
ON THOSE LINES..  
SENDS YOU

### — A NEW MOVIE —

DOCTOR, THE SURGEONS WHO HAVE BEEN KILLED SO FAR WERE ATTACKED IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER AS THEY APPEAR IN THE MEDICAL DIRECTORY.

...LEFT SIDE  
AUGUST, ADPLAND  
AUGUST, AUGUST, AUGUST  
AUGUST, AUGUST  
THESE AGENTS

WOL AND YOU ARE AROUND ONE  
NEXT IN THAT DIRECTORY? I  
WANT THAT YOU TAKE PRECAU-  
TIONS, DOCTOR OR THE WEAPON  
WOL WILL VISIT YOU TOO

I'M AFRAID I DISAGREE  
WITH YOU. THE ALPHABETICAL ORDER IS PURE  
COINCIDENCE, AND YOUR  
THEORY THAT THE  
WHEEL HOLE WAS THAT AND  
NUMBERS HAD HOLES  
IN IT.

I AM FAMILIAR WITH THE STORIES ABOUT THE WOLF-WOLF? HE ONLY KILLED TO GET MONEY SO BEHAVIOR HE HATED THE ARMY NOT THE MEDICAL PROCEEDING LIGHTNING AND NO ROBBINGS HAVE BEEN CONNECTED WITH RECENT KILLINGS?





YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME DOC NOW! THE ONLY SURGEON WHO DIDN'T GO CRAZY WITH TERROR AT LOOKING UPON ME... I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR PAST... YOU GOT MEDICAL SKILLS... YOU CAN DO IT!



I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY GRAND DOC! YOU'LL OPERATE! IF IT'S A SUCCESS, I'LL SETTLE! I GOT PLUNTY MONEY NOW! WHAT D'YOU SAY?

ONLY WE'LL TRY IT!



YOU WON'T BE WORRY DOC! I'D JUST AS SOON DIE AS GO THE WAY I AM!

I DO! HOWEVER, OF COURSE I'LL HAVE TO HAVE THE CASH IN ADVANCE AND KEVINIZ?



FORTUNATELY I HAVE NEVER PARTED WITH MY SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, AND ALWAYS KEEP SOME ANAESTHETIC AROUND... WE WILL USE THAT OLD TABLE AND KEVINIZ?

BE CAREFUL NOW DOC!



ARE THE DEARLY?

A FEW WHIPS OF THIS CHLOROFORM AND HE'LL BE OUT COLD!



NOW!.. NOW!



HELLO - POLICE! THIS IS DR. KRAFT AT 28 HALSEY STREET - SEND A SQUAD OF MEN RIGHT DOWN - I HAVE THE WERE-WOLF CAPTIVE! I KNOW - I KNOW... BUT I TELL YOU I'M NOT MISTAKEN - HE'S HERE!

OLD DOCTOR KRAFT IS STILL MASTER OF THE DOUBLE-CROSS. I HAVE THE WERE-WOLF MONEY-AND TURNING HIM OVER TO THE LAW WILL GET ME A **BIG REWARD** AND POSSIBLY REINSTATEMENT IN MY PROFESSION!



WON'T THIS WAY OFFICERS, YOU'LL ALL GET PLENTY OF PUBLICITY FOR THIS CAPTURE?

I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN HAVE THE WERE-WOLF WHEN HE'S DEAD!

...IT... IT'S HIM ALL RIGHT? WHAT A HORRIBLE CREATURE! WORSE THAN HIS PICTURES!



...*But* SUDDENLY THE WERE-WOLF STIRS AND SITS UP!

WHAT?!!  
...*Where?*

HE...HE'S COME TO!! THE DOG SHOULD HAVE GIVEN HIM A STRONGER DOSE. HE'S NO ORDINARY MAN!



JUST AS ARNHEITZ AWAKENS, HE MAKES THE CHANGE THAT TURNS HIM FROM MAN TO WERE-WOLF!

...*With* THE WERE-WOLF'S CUNNING BRAY FIXES UP THE SITUATION IN A TERRIBLE MESS!

I...I'VE BEEN OUTRAGED, BUT IT WILL DO NONE OF YOU ANY GOOD!



HE'S GOING TO TRY AND ESCAPE! GRAB HIM MEN!

NO ONE CAN TRICK THE WERE-WOLF AND GET AWAY WITH IT!



YOU, DR. KRAFT SHALL  
FEEL THE FIRST PURY  
OF MY VENGEANCE!  
YOU JUDAS!

N...NO...NO, MR  
WERE-WOLF...IT  
WAS J.JUST A...A  
GAG!!

THE BULLETS  
DON'T EVEN  
HURT HIM!



...IMMUNE TO DEATH IN HIS IN HUMAN  
FORM. AS THE WERE WOLF KRAFTZ  
CONTINUES, BERRY!

THERE, MY TRICKY LITTLE  
BROKEN DOWN  
DOCTOR!



SOMEONE CALL MORE POLICE...THERE'S  
A RIOT GOING ON IN DR.  
KRAFT'S ROOM!



...MOMENTS...LIGHT-  
NING TIDING OF HIS  
VISIT AT DR. KRAFT'S  
HOUSE. CALLS POLICE HEAD  
QUARTERS!

I JUST WANTED  
TO SEE IF THERE  
WAS A REPORT OF  
ANY MORE DOCTORS  
BEING MURDERED  
!!



WHAT WAS  
THAT?



NO, BUT WE JUST  
SENT A SQUAD  
DOWN TO HALEBY  
STREET ON THE  
REPORT THAT  
THE WERE-WOLF  
HAD BEEN CAPTURED.

THAT MUST BE  
THE HOUSE  
DOWN THERE!



I GUESS THAT  
TAKES CARE OF  
EVERYBODY!



I SEE I WAS RIGHT WERE-WOLF!  
YOU PULLED THE  
GRAND HOAX!

LIGHTNING



WHEN THE SMOKE FROM THE ELECTRIC  
BOLT CLEARS, THE WERE-WOLF ONCE MORE  
BECOMES PL. IN JACOB KEMWITZ.



But...A SECOND LATER...  
KEMWITZ DISCOVERS AND ONCE  
MORE BECOMES THE WERE-WOLF

I'VE LEARNED FROM PAST EXPERIENCE  
YOU CAN'T BE LICKED WHILE IN  
WERE-WOLF FORM...I'LL LET THE  
BOLT SHOCK YOU BACK TO NORMAL!



A BOTTLE  
OF DR. KEMWITZ'S  
CHLORODORIN!

THAT LITTLE BOTTLE  
OF MARIJON ISN'T  
GOING TO STOP  
ME ANYMORE...I'M  
GOING TO FINISH  
YOU OFF!

HAVE  
SOME-  
THING  
LIGHT-  
NING!

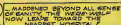
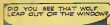


But...THE PUMPS FROM THE ARMS  
THERE ARE TOO MUCH, EVEN FOR  
THE DOUGHTY LIGHTNING!

I...LOOKING...AT MY  
MY... SENSES...

AHHH!





YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO THESE  
POOR DYING! I MAY BE  
DYING, BUT I'M GOING TO  
STOP YOU... YOU *BEAST!*

YOU'RE NOT DYING, YOU'RE  
*DEAD!* HA-NA-NOW TO  
STRIKE *ELSEWHERE!*

IF THIS OPERATION IS A  
SUCCESS, WE WILL BE  
ABLE TO STOP THE SAVAGES  
OF THE DREAD BRAIN  
DISEASE!



THERE WILL NEVER BE  
ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL  
OPERATION!  
*BAH!*

...TALK BACK AT THE  
BOOMING HOUSE?

IF ONLY THAT  
CHILDROOM  
HADN'T...

*SERGEANT!*

WE JUST GOT  
A CALL FROM  
THE MEDICAL CENTER.  
THE WERE-WOLF IS  
RUNNING RIOT OVER  
THERE!

THAT'S ALL I  
WANT TO  
KNOW!

*GO GET 'EM  
LIGHTNING!*



...LIGHTNING ARRIVED AT THE HOSPITAL  
AND CATCHES UP WITH THE WERE-WOLF  
IN A WAG!

I'M GOING TO  
KILL YOU ALL...  
RIGHT IN YOUR  
BED!

THAT'S YOUR LAST  
BOAST, WERE-WOLF!

*GO GET 'EM  
LIGHTNING!*

THIS IS GOING TO BE  
AN AWFUL BATTLE...  
I WON'T BE ABLE TO  
USE MY BOLT IN HERE  
WITHOUT WRECKING THE  
WARD!



... LIGHTNING IS RIGHT... THE WERE-WOLF COMES RIGHT BACK...



DETOUR!

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE... I'LL SETTLE WITH YOU LATER!

YOU'RE WRONG! WE'RE FINISHING THIS RIGHT NOW!



HE STEPPED ASIDE!



CRASH! HIGH OVER THE HOSPITAL BUILDINGS THE WERE-WOLF WHISTLED... AND...

CAUGHT YOU OFF GUARD!



THE MOMENTUM CARRIED HIM OVER THE EDGE!... TOO BAD!... PERHAPS A FIERY DEATH WILL BURN OUT OF HIM FOR ALL TIME!

TEMPORARILY DAZED, LIGHTNING FALLES!



TO FOLLOW UP HIS ADVANTAGE, WERE-WOLF DIVES AFTER LIGHTNING TO MAKE SURE HE'LL FALL INTO THE CHIMNEY-BUT!



LIGHTNING ALSO APPEARS IN *LIGHTNING DANCE*

# Senor Colt's Payday

By Bryant House

**R**ED MIKE CLEGG lifted worried eyes and stared through the open doorway into the barroom. Out there it was noisy. Here in the office a flat silence held sway. The news brought from Weaverville had jarrred him from his cold remorse. The beam over the table eyed him questioningly.

"You say Marshall Moore has reopened Fred Cooley's case? I thought that killing and robbery was a thing of the past. How long has he been asleep?"

"Every day the past week. You know how he hangs around old Cooley's jail. I bet she's put him up to somethin'. Killing the oldster's paid the way you did, was a new deal. I can't say that I blame Moore for lookin' the records over. That gal is purty as—as well, she's a ditty!"

Clegg turned again to stare through the open doorway. His eyes, pale and cold, came to rest on the figure of a man. The gray oldster was slumped over a card table. A spray of sunlight flashed from the empty bottle at his elbow. Fred Cooley was drunk as usual.

"Here's a poke of dust," Clegg said over his shoulder. "Leave by the back door—and keep your mouth shut. You might be found at the first of Bonnet Ridge sometime."

The other's face paled. He jerked from his chair as if discovering a coiled rattler at his feet. "Sure, sure, boss. I'll keep my mouth shut. But you had better keep your eyes shinned back. Tom Moore left Weaverville before I started. He might be callin' on you."

Clegg stiffened. A cold rage smeared his narrow face. "I'll watch him. Get gone' before you're seen with me."

The tall man's spare jewels jingled as he clumped from the flustered office. Clegg left his chair and leaned himself in the doorway. His lips curled when old Fred Cooley stirred and opened heavy eyes. He explained.

"How're you feelin', old-timer? Is your head any better today?"

Cooley lifted a trembling hand. "Same as usual," he mumbled. "A new pain is devilin' me lately. Can I have another bottle, Mike?"

"All you want, Fred," Clegg grunted, staring narrowly. "If your head doesn't let me know and we'll go parks on that last side of yours. How about it?"

But Fred Cooley was beyond carshot. He was at the bar demanding liquor.

"Drunken fool!" Clegg snarled. "But I must give him whiskey to keep him hangin' around. I wonder what he'd do if he suddenly remembered that I killed his pard after whaspin' him over his own head. I want the location of that mine he lost. I don't kill him to shut his mouth."

He kicked a chair spinning.

The bartender, a giant of a man with protruding eyes and shiny black hair, came shouldering into the office. "How long must I feed Cooley whiskey?" he demanded.

"Until I tell you to stop!" Clegg snapped. "Keep him starved. He might remember the location of his placer diggin's. When he does—he might tell into an open shaft. I just received word that Tom Moore has reopened Cooley's case."

The giant stared in sudden alarm. "You think

he might uncover somethin'?"

"Can't tell about him. He's a smooth one. He's on his way to Hayfork now."

The protruding eyes narrowed to glowering slits. "Why don't you kill him?"

Clegg's name of red hair bristled. A slow pallor crept upward from his throat. "We kill him? You fool, the man's a deputy U. S. Marshall!"

A noise from the barroom whirled him around. Once more his eyes settled on old Cooley. A sudden thought brought a crooked grin to his lips. "Send that bottle in here," he commanded. "I think I see a way out of this mess. If I ain't mistaken, Marshall Tom Moore is gonna run into somethin' he ain't expecting!"

**T**HINK black-eyed oldster came shuffling through the doorway. Ever since the day he was pitifully whipped, his memory had been faulty. The rich placer diggings where he and his murdered pardner had made the big strike was lost. Any one of the creeks or gulches pasting the towering mountains might be hiding the mine.

Since that dark night on the trail Fred Cooley was a shadow of his former self. Gray as a timber wolf, once square shoulders sagging, his gut slow and uncertain, he was no longer a man among men. But there was one point that he was clear upon. Love for his daughter, Louisa, tall and dark, mattered him with frantic tenderness. She was the ruin in the family. And never thus once she had taken him from Red Mike Clegg's saloon.

Clegg studied the old man with sustained eyes. "Remember anything yet, Cooley?" he drawled, closing the office door. "If you can place that mine of yours, you'll be rich."

"Rich—rich. Who wants to be rich? No, I can't remember anything. My head hurts powerful bad."

"You think a heap of your daughter, don't you?" Red Mike asked narrowly.

The lines in old Cooley's face deepened. A momentary glitter flared in his black eyes.

"It's about her that I called you here. A man is plannin' to kidnap her, because she's so purty. What're we goin' to do about it?"

Fred Cooley stiffened. Then a savage emotion shook him. An aching pallor bleached his working features. His heavy lids knotted. But the fire in his eyes died. He stared helplessly when Clegg left his chair to peep into the street. As Cooley shuffled across the room he wondered why his friend was so agitated?

Red Mike was watching a big man riding a Morgan saddle. Tied up, the spirited animal halted down the street. The rider leaned from his saddle to say something to a passing intruder. The clear air whirled against a badge pinned to the horsebacker's checkered shirt. Stark heat smeared Clegg's face. He snugged his around, found Fred Cooley at his elbow.

"Know that jasper?" he demanded.

"Sure I know him. Everybody in these mountains knows Tom Moore. Why he's—"

"Moore is the man plannin' to kidnap your daughter!"

Old Cooley stared in bewilderment. Something seemed to writher in the depths of his eyes. Clegg saw and watched with bated breath.

"Here, where're you gainin'?" he grated when

Cooley jerked around.

"I'm fixin' him. No man can plug my daughter hurt and live!"

"Moore's a gunman. Take this Colt, and hurry through the back way. You can meet him at the bend in the street. Shoot him on sight!" He sprang to his desk, snatched a heavy gun from a drawer.

The older caught the weapon. His shoulders squared and his chin came up.

"Drop him, and I'll back you, old-timer. Remember, get him!"

A COULD smile lifted his lips. "And this will see the end of your assassin, Mister Marshal," he muttered, hurrying into the barroom. He was peering over the gently sloping batwings when Fred Cooley stalked into sight. The six-shooter swung round his right thigh. Grim determination still held him.

And down the street the Morgan saddle was coming at a mincing trot.

Clegg pivoted and motioned to his cronies, the bartenders. "Watch the show out yonder," he said a minute later. "Old Cooley is dead set on gunning Tom Moore!"

The older balked in the bend of the street. He shook his head, looked down at the gun in his hand. Something he could not seem to fathom was clanking for recognition. Red Mike was his friend, and the oncoming man his enemy. Anybody planning Louisa harm was his enemy. He would start shooting the instant Moore was in range.

Dimly he realized the burly lawman was heading for the livery across from Andy Morgan's store. His eyes passed on a high-wheeled freighter standing before the weathered building. Jack Boyle, the skinner, was having trouble with the lead span of mules.

The stubborn animals, already harrassed, were rearing, plunging. Any other time he might help, but Boyle must kill his own snakes now. Cooley thought grimly. He had a snake of his own to kill. As he turned, the off mule—a leggy, black bayonet-shot forward, dragged the second with him.

Clegg and the barkeep were outside the saloon now. "With Moore rubbed out, we'll have everything our way with Cooley," the red man chuckled, rubbing his palms together. "He might straighten out any time. That hufelutin medicine over Hedding way, says the pains in the old man's head means somethin'."

The fat man licked his lips. "The minute he remembers the location of his doggie's, we'll jump him! I'll swap you my ball for his gal!"

Clegg grinned and turned to watch the drama in the street.

Suddenly the barman caught his arm. "Look!" he shouted. "Boyle's mules are running away! And they're headin' straight for old Cooley!"

Terrified by shrieking team chains, the ghost mules charged into the middle of the street, hoisted a split-second, then bore straight down upon the grim figure standing on the street edge. Tom Moore jerked in his saddle, bared his spur wheels when he saw the older's danger.

Fred Cooley, possessed only by one thought, stared blackly. Red Mike had told him to kill the big lawman. And kill him he would. Why was the fool dashing toward him?

The gun clanging from his right hand slipped upward, leveled on Moore's checkered shirt front. His finger tightened on the trigger. And then a thundering avalanche crashed against Cooley's back. He dove forward, sprawled face down. A

terrible pain deadened his back where a steel-shod hoof-head left its imprint. Something seemed to explode inside his head. He claved to hands and trembling knees, then swooned erect.

The crackling made his skull sounded like sharp, thunder crashes. His senses reeled. He was hurt! He must go to Louisa! But first there was something he must do. He was out here to kill a man. Kill Marauder Tom Moore.

CLEGG stood chagrined. He was alone now. Narrow-eyed, he watched Fred Cooley staggering toward him. His pale eyes shuttled over the crooked street. The lawman was carefully leading the runaway mules.

Old Cooley faltered and dropped to his knees. Two men standing on the walk before Hayfork Feed Store, dashed into the street. Sight of the Colt sent them scurrying to safety. The older wagged his head to clear away the red fog that was holding him.

Clegg—he must find Clegg. He was supposed to kill somebody. And now he couldn't remember. He must ask Clegg. He peered at his eyes, blinked against the pain hammering inside his head. He couldn't see the red-headed man. Bloody, Clegg's outline took shape on the splinted walk.

"This is a hell of a mess!" the saloonman muttered angrily. "The next thing I know, Moore will be on my neck! What's later? that loaded foot? Why is he hidin' that gun o' his on me?"

Alarm wiped the bewilderment from his narrow face. "Is necessary?" he croaked. "That hell has cleared his head, an' he's after me?" His right hand darted toward a shoulder holster. Old Cooley halted on wide spread feet. He raised his right hand, tried to say something, but sounds failed to come from his stiff lips. He must ask Clegg. He must ask for instructions.

Red Mike's gun cleared leather, stabbed forward and crashed suddenly. Fred Cooley jerked from the impact of lead. Dimly he realized his own gun was bucking. He faltered and stared blankly. His fall across the saloonman's prone body.

Sandy, old-timer, a sooty man commended. "Gee, aw you got 'em! Marshal Moore lifted him with under hands. Somebody bring a rag. Clegg cried him."

Red Mike Clegg's heavy bullet had worked a miracle on Fred Cooley. Today he was putting on the veneer of his weathered skin. His eyes, now clear and sharp, moved over the new frontier scene. Before him was the open flowing into the half barrel, the saloons carrying the way plus came into the garden. And straight beyond the bay another was the suspension bridge over Hayfork River. He sighed in commotion.

Suddenly his eyes sharpened. He could remember everything now. There was a rich glow digging at the base of Kennedy Mountain over on South Fork. Burning vision roared him down his message. He looked around to see a tall, dark-haired girl sitting on a bulky man wearing a checkered shirt.

"It was over in less than a minute," Tom Moore was saying dimly. "I saw him madder in the end up of waiting for me. Jack Boyle's mule, looked and ran him down before I could do anything. I figured he wasn't hurt much when he got up. I took out after the man."

"I see, Red Mike Clegg shows his gun. He shot first. Fred fell in self-defense, drilled him straight through the heart. I call that a wrap."

The girl looked up. Her eyes were brighter today than he had ever seen them. "You mentioned the records of daily case as I asked you?" she questioned.

Tom Moore frowned. Yes, and there wasn't a thing to show who committed the crime. The case was written off the records as an unsolved mystery. I suppose the guilty man will never be found."

But Fred Cooley knew differently, now that his memory was clear once again.



**MAN-EATING LOCUSTS!** THAT CRY SWEEPS HEAVENLY THROUGH AMERICA LIKE A THUNDERBOLT! AMERICA'S WHEAT CROPS ARE FATED FOR DESTRUCTION! CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS KNOWS HE HAS TO WARD OFF THE DREAD MENACE QUICKLY, BUT HOW IS HE TO BATTLE A MIL-LION CANNIBALISTIC INSECTS AND AT THE SAME TIME DESTROY THE FOES OF AMERICA WHO UNLEASHED THIS HIDEOUS SCOURGE? HOW??

**CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS** ROCKETS THROUGH THE AIR ABOVE CHICAGO'S OFFICE BUILDINGS...

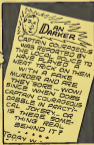
**A SCREAM!** BETTER INVESTIGATE IT! CAME FROM THAT OPENED WINDOW!

WAAH... SOME BUDDY BUSINESS GOING ON!

**MY PARTNER... HE'S BEEN MURDERED!**

YOU MUST BE CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS. HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU! I'M HOWARD SINCLAIR AND THE DEAD MAN'S MY PARTNER JOHN STOCKS. I WAS SITTING IN MY OFFICE NEXT DOOR...







CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS EMERGES FROM HIS COMA SOME TIME LATER TO FIND HIMSELF IMBEDDED IN THE GROUND!

OH! SO THE STRONG MAN HAS REVIVED!

WHEN!  
WHAT IS THIS A CHICKEN FARM?

YOU HAD YOUR LITTLE JOKE. NOW I'LL HAVE MINE! FIRST I'LL STEP UP THE POWER ON THIS ULTRA BEAM EXCITER! NOTICE HOW LOUD IT HUMS?

MUSIC MAKER BH?

NO! THE HUMMING HAS A PECULIAR EFFECT ON INSECTS DRAVES THEM MAD! OPEN THE DOORS MEN!

IF THE DOORS OF STRANGE, BLOOD-LIKE STRUCTURES SWING OPEN, AN OMINOUS CLATTER FILLS THE AIR AS THOUSANDS OF ENRAGED INSECTS ARE FREED!

LOCUSTS! P.

HAH! YES! AND COMING YOUR WAY!

MAN EATING LOCUSTS! TO BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!

I DON'T FEEL LIKE RUNNING AROUND WITHOUT MY FLESH!

HEY!  
HEY'S FREE!

PERSISTANT LITTLE DEVILS... THEY'RE STILL AFTER ME! MUST LIKE ME, I GUESS...



MEANWHILE...

THE LOCUSTS WILL  
GET THAT TROUBLE-  
MAKER. COME WE  
MUST CALL A  
MEETING...

HAIL!

BUT THE MASKED MAN  
IS MISTAKEN!

THOSE PESTS LOST AN  
TRAIL... GOING SOUTH NOW!  
I'M GOING TO DO A  
LITTLE SNOOPING TO  
FIND OUT WHAT THIS  
MESS IS ALL ABOUT!  
HAM - A GUARD!

GO TO SLEEP  
MY PRETTY!



NOT SUCH A BAD  
FIT! BETTER TAKE OFF  
THIS STAR MASK  
THOUGH... IT'LL GIVE  
ME AWAY!



HAIL!

HAIL!

NOW THINGS  
ARE CLEARING  
UP... THIS IS A  
SPY STRONGHOLD!



I HEAR VOICES DOWN-  
STAIRS! NOW TO  
GET A SNEAK  
PRE-VIEW!



WITH CAT-LIKE EARS,  
CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS AD-  
VANCES DOWN THE STAIRS.

A SPY  
MEETING!



HERR HOLKA! TODAY THE  
EFFICIENCY OF THE  
LOCUSTS YOU HAVE BREED  
WILL BE TESTED ON THE  
WHEAT FIELDS OF THE  
UNITED STATES!

THEY WILL NOT FAIL!  
REMEMBER, THEY  
EAT HUMAN FLESH  
AS WELL IF RANONE  
DARES TO STOP  
THEM FROM  
DESTROYING  
THE WHEAT!







SOME TIME LATER...  
OVER AN ISLAND  
IN THE PACIFIC...

THERE THEY ARE...  
SEA GULLS! NOW TO  
SCARE THEM  
TO FLIGHT!

INSTINCTIVELY, AS ALL BIRDS FOLLOW  
A LEADER, THOUSANDS OF SEA GULLS  
FOLLOW CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS' ISLAND  
FLIGHT AND A STRANGE PHENOMENON  
IS SPREAD OVER THE SKY AS CUR-  
IOUS FLOCKS OF BIRDS FALL IN WITH  
THE WHITE BLANKET OF SEA GULLS!

WHAT AN  
ARMADA!

SUDDENLY, THE  
GULLS SMELL  
LOCUSTS!

GO TO IT  
BROTHERS!

THAT DOES IT!  
THEY'RE EATING  
THE LOCUSTS BY  
THE DOZENS!  
BETTER GET BACK  
TO THOSE SPY  
DOGS NOW!

AT THE STRONGHOLD...

GOT YOUR MESSAGE,  
CAPTAIN... BUT WE'RE UNPRE-  
PARED FOR THEM! THEY  
HAVE MACHINE GUNS.  
THINK WE'D BETTER  
CALL IN THE ARMY!

HOW  
GOES  
IT?

CALL IN THE ARMY!





HOW'S THE FIREWORKS, BOYS? ...SEEBING PLENTY OF STARS, I GUESS!

OWON BLUECORTS... IN AND AT 'EM!

SHOOT TH' LAW, WILL YE? MOTHER MACREE! TAKE THAT!

TELL YOUR RATS TO SURRENDER OR I'LL MAKE PULP OUT OF YOU!

O-P-H-H-H! WHY DID I HAVE TO CROSS HIS PATH?



DON'T HIT ME AGAIN!

SURRENDER, MEN!



KAMERAD MY FOOT! YOU MEAN YOU GIVE UP!

RIGHT! AND HERE'S THEIR LEADER!

HE'S HOWARD SINCLAIR! WAIT... HIS FACE SEEMS TO BE MELTING!



KAMERAD!



DISGUISE PUTTYER? TAKE IT OFF! HEY! YOU'RE NOT SINCLAIR... YOU'RE

JOHN STOCKS, WHO WAS THOUGHT DEAD, TALKS!

I'M NO AMERICAN. I HAD A BUSINESS PARTNERSHIP WITH SINCLAIR TO COVER THIS ACTIVITY... I FAKED MY MURDER, WALKED OUT WHEN YOUR BACK WAS TURNED, CAME BACK AND MURDERED SINCLAIR, DISGUISED MYSELF AS HIM SO IF I EVER WAS SUSPECTED, HE'D BE BLAMED!

JOHN STOCKS! HOW DO YOU GUESS!

YOU FOOL! EVEN IF YOU DID SUCCEED, WE WOULDN'T START! WE HAVE ENOUGH WHEAT STORED IN GRANERIES TO LAST US TEN YEARS! TAKE HIM AWAY!



# BLITZ BUSTER



THE FOUL SCHEMES OF HITLER'S FIFTH COLUMNISTS SPREAD DISASTER WHEREVER THEY ARE ALLOWED TO FESTER. AND HERE THEY TRY TO BLAST AT AMERICA'S LIFE LINE RIGHT UNDER THE BLITZ BUSTER'S NOSE. CAN HE DO ANYTHING TO PREVENT A SERIOUS SETBACK?

A CLIPPER PLANE IS MAKING HEAVY WEATHER THROUGH A TERRIFIC ELECTRICAL STORM.



MAJOR CHALMERS CONVERGES WITH THE AIR HOSTESS, MARJORA LANG.



BOY! THIS IS A ROUGH STORM! HOW'S THE PLANE DOING?

VERY NICELY, YOU CAN COME IN THE PILOT ROOM AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

SUDDENLY, A MURDEROUS BOLT OF LIGHTNING SMASHES THE DOOMED PLANE.



THE PLANE'S HIT!

WERE CRASHING! SEND AN SOS!

THE STRICKEN PLANE DIVES TOWARD THE ROARING OCEAN.





MEANWHILE ON THE FREIGHTER THE PASSENGERS ARE UNAWARE OF THE LURKING DANGER...



SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING



A DEADLY TORPEDO BLASTS THE SHIP'S HULL.



THE HELPLESS FREIGHTER IS SINKING RAPIDLY.



THE NEXT MORNING, TWO PEOPLE ARE SEEN CLINGING DESPERATELY TO THE FLOATING WRECKAGE OF THE FREIGHTER.



JOHN! I CAN'T FIND IT ANY LONGER! THE WATER'S LIKE ICE!

MARCIA, YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP YOUR SPIRITS UP. WE'LL SOON BE SIGHTED!



A ROLLING TANKER HEAVES TO IN THE DISTANCE.



THE BOAT CHALMERS GEE IS NONE OTHER THAN THE REFUELING SHIP OF THE U-BOAT.



HEY, JONESY, ONE OF THEM OUT THERE IS A GAMB. THINK WE OUGHTA PICK 'EM UP!





